





# THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Visit to the New Orleans Cholera Hospital. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, (says the Boston Advertiser,) formerly of Newark, gives in the Mobile Daily Advertiser of the 29th ult., an interesting account of a brief visit to New Orleans, whether he was attracted by a desire to ascertain the character of the prevailing epidemic, having also a son settled there in medical practice. His letter opens to us an interior view of the famous Charity Hospital.

In the box of Marcaibo, the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, giving some account of Marcaibo, Mr. Paez and that of S. The Lorette in the box of Marcaibo, giving some account of the Government fleet squadron, at 3 A.M. were beaten off with wounded, and the shore and were taken in force, while said that the Marcaibo, and that verboard from the shipwrecked, the author, who were of nearly all prisoners, while wounded and none

venty shots in her, water, which was held, may be it, is the date of their departure.

We find that of General Paez, though the account of the Marcaibo, the date of their departure.

San Juan de Leon, in the box of Marcaibo, the date of the In-

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The Bluse

## ODE TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Written in Cherical Malabar—By John Leyden.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!

What vanity has brought thee here,

How can I love to see thee shine?

So bright, whom I have bought so dear!

The tent rope's halping long I bear!

Fair twilight converse, arm in arm:

The jackal's shrill bark on my ear,

When mirth and music went to waste.

By Cherical's dark wandering stream,

Where case-cuts shadow all the wild,

Sweet vision haunts my waking dream

Or Tovit loved while still a child;

Of casted rocks stupendous piled

By Esik or Eden's classic wave,

Where loves of youth and friendship smiled

Uncured by them, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!

The perished bliss of your first prime,

That once so bright on fancy played,

Revives no more in after time;

Far from my sacred mat clinic

I hate to an untidy grave;

The daring thoughts that soared sublime,

Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the tiny yellow light

Gleams baleful as the tomb fire dream,

A gentle vision comes by night,

Most lonely widow heart's cheer;

Her eyes are dim with a tear,

That once were gaudy stars to mine!

Her fond heart thunders with a fear—

I cannot bear to see this shine.

For these—vile yellow slave,

I left a heart that loved me true!

I crossed the ocean ocean wave,

To round the cities and the new;

The cold wind of the stranger blew

On my withered heart—the grave,

Dark and untidy, met my view;

And for all these, vile yellow slave!

Hi! comest thou now late to mock

A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,

Now that his frame the lightning shone,

Or sun-ray tips with a beam has shone?

From love, from friendship, country torn,

To memory's fond regret the eye,

Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn!

Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

The Story-Celler.

From the National Era.

## THE ERROR AND ITS EXPIRATION.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

W—, a large and flourishing village, and county seat, in the western part of the State of —, was visited by a regular tornado of speculation, in the year 1835. Then, every holder of a portion of land large enough for a cabbage garden considered himself a *Cresus in chrysalis*—small *Coutts*—a Rothschild in prospective.

In all W—, there was but one man of property who was not infected by this strange mania. This was Stephen Harton, a merchant and large landed proprietor, who, by a natural genius for money-making, a careful thief, closely dealing with all men, and especial hard dealing with the poor, had amassed a princely fortune, which he was too wise to put in jeopardy by that pernicious game of speculation, the termination and consequences of which he but too surely prophesied.

The wealth of Stephen Harton, while it gave him influence and a certain position, had failed to make him a gentleman. He was coarse in his manners, and in all his ways of thinking, but filled with a vulgar jealousy of his superiors in education and refinement.

Mrs. Harton was a woman of an amiable temper, but of limited understanding; thoroughly worldly-minded—given up to fashion; one who almost wearied her own life out of her in a vain and terrible struggle to be what nature never intended her for—a lady.

The family of this admirably matched pair consisted of a son and a daughter. James Alexander Harton, or, as he wrote the name, J. Alexander, was, at the time I have chosen for the commencement of this sketch, an idle, conceited coxcomb of eighteen—the absolute avenger of all the village girls for his rudeness and ridiculous vanity, and the horror of all little children for his disposition to play off slyish tricks upon them, and to impose in countless ways on their unassuming natures. He had entered college, but was suspended in a short time for his defiant lawlessness—a characteristic which his fond parents regarded as evincing rare cleverness and spirit.

George was a woman of an amiable temper, but had other sources of disquiet. His father had still many unsatisfied creditors in W—, and he writhed under what his morbid sensitiveness considered as reproach or contempt from them. Proud to a fault, he acquired a marked reserve, and assumed a manner somewhat cold and defiant toward many who would otherwise have been his friends; but in his heart he early formed a strong resolve to devote all the energies of his manhood to the liquidation of his father's debts, and never to rest till the "uttermost farthing" was paid.

George was not able to visit his home very often, but, when he went, he filled that home with gladness. The little ones were absolutely turbulent with delight, and his mother and sister smiled the old smile, though they noticed, with a sigh, that he was growing pale and thin with toil and close confinement.

Mr. Mason continued at the West, but he wrote frequently, and transmitted money for the support of his family.

When George Mason had been in the employ of Mr. Harton nearly a year, he one afternoon received a letter from his sister Julia. He broke the seal with trembling impatience, as he had not heard from home for some weeks. It ran thus:

"L—, Monday morning, Dec. 1, 1837.

Dearest Brother—I should have written to you before this, but our mother has not been as well as usual, and I have had very many things devolving upon me. I have had literally no time; but now I must write.

We are in something of a strait—entirely out of money. We received a letter from father yesterday, stating that he had mailed a remittance a few days previous. That has never reached us, and we fear it has miscarried. We are not absolutely suffering, but we have been for a week past quite out of butter, sugar, coffee, and tea.

The children are now a waste and feeble invalid, in a slow decline, it was feared. Her oldest son, George, a lad of sixteen, was a youth of glorious promise. I would that I could present him to my reader as he appeared to those who knew him well at that period of his life.

Beautiful as the old sculptures would have represented Hylas, the beloved young friend of Hercules—ardent, frank, truthful, brave, yet modest and sensitive as a girl, he was the light, and pride, and hope of his home, while winning unconsciously the admiration of all who looked upon his fine glowing face, and tall, symmetrical form.

Julia, his sister, two years older than himself, was a most affectionate, yet strong-hearted girl—plain in person, but beautiful in spirit—candid, and indolent beyond her years—growing up to take her mother's place—a motherly-souled creature already, a neat and prudent housekeeper. Then there was Nellie, a pretty child of nine years, and Theodore, or Dory, a merry boy of six years, laughing on all occasions, and on the very best terms with all the world; and last, there was Fanny, a chubby little three-year-old—the pet and the baby.

A year or two before their peculiar reverses came upon them, Mr. and Mrs. Mason had lost their oldest daughter, a lovely young woman, an angel of goodness and gentleness. She had died of consumption. They had also buried a noble boy, the twin of Nellie. So they were not un-

used to sorrow, and rebelled not with unchastened hearts against "the wholesome discipline of pain."

William Mason was a man of sterling integrity. He was now filled with regret for the folly of which he had been guilty, but he did not seek to evade the consequence—to preserve his own interests, and allow others to suffer for him. He gave up his entire property to his creditors, reserving only, by their consent, sufficient of his household goods to furnish plainly a small cottage which he rented for his family at L—, a small town, ten miles from W—.

Soon after establishing his family in their humble home, Mr. Mason obtained for himself a mercantile agency, which would compel him to travel through the Western States, and be long absent; but it was the best he could do.

Before leaving, however, he procured a situation for George, as a clerk in Mr. Harton's store, which he thought advantageous; for though the lad would receive but a trifling salary, he might there obtain a thorough business-training, and a good knowledge of trade.

The reception of the new inmate into the domestic circle of his father's family was a memorable event in the life of Caroline Harton. With a father entirely absorbed in his numerous and complicated business relations, a mother almost wholly given up to the frivolities of fashion, and a brother who only noticed her to annoy and trouble her with his coarse witfulness and senseless practical jokes, what wonder that a new life broke around her with the acquaintance of that gifted and generous-hearted youth—that his ready and delicate sympathy with her best and highest feelings—his respectful deference—his gentle and considerate kindness, in time, bound her heart to him—yes, indissolubly bound her heart to him, mere child as she was, with a strong, true, unselfish love, of which many a woman is incapable.

"No, George," Mr. Harton stiffly rejoined. "I cannot—I were against my rules."

"But, sir, my mother's circumstances demand!"

"I can't help that," interrupted Mr. Harton—it was a bad precedent, young man—a very bad precedent!" And, rising and pacing the floor, with his hands beneath his dressing-gown, he added, "Besides, how am I to know that the money really goes to your mother?"

"More likely he wants the tin for a lark," gasped James Alexander.

Stung by these gratuitous insults, George, coloring to his forehead, turned hastily, and left the room. Yet, before he closed the door, he heard Carry say, in a deprecating tone, "Why, brother, how can you be so rude?"

As George re-entered the store, a lady was standing at the counter, making some purchases. Mr. Stevens, the first clerk, immediately called upon George to take his place, as he had been sent for from home, a short time previous; gave directions about locking up for the night, and went out. Mrs. Allen's bill amounted to just ten dollars, and George started as she gave him the money in one note.

When this last customer had left, George proceeded to close the store; then taking a lamp, started for his sleeping room the second story. But, suddenly he hesitated—paused—turned back—opened the money-drawer—took for that note; and then, with palpitating heart and noiseless step, passed up stairs to his room. When there, he hurriedly locked the door, went to his table, and, seizing a pen, wrote this brief note, which he was well able to bear. But he was a conscientious and ambitious boy, and though no word of approbation or encouragement was ever spoken to him, he hoped that it gave satisfaction to his employer.

Soon after George Mason went to Mr. Harton's, James Alexander returned to college, giving many pledges of better behavior. His absence was an inexpressible relief to his poor victimized sister, who breathed more freely, and lived in the quiet she loved.

During the winter and spring that followed, George and Caroline became best of friends, and somehow, loved one another quite as well as though they had fully understood, from reading poetry and studying metaphysics, the mysterious nature of the sentiment they cherished. To them it was no mystery to fathom, no folly of which to be ashamed; it had no element of worldly interest, of romance, of passion. It was a pure and simple sentiment, to which an angel might do honor, yet which a child might understand.

Early in the summer, James Alexander again returned from college. He had been expelled. This young gentleman evidently did not like George Mason, and he took little notice of him, probably regarding him as by far his own inferior.

George did not let this trouble him much, but he had other sources of disquiet. His father had still many unsatisfied creditors in W—, and he writhed under what his morbid sensitiveness considered as reproach or contempt from them. Proud to a fault, he acquired a marked reserve, and assumed a manner somewhat cold and defiant toward many who would otherwise have been his friends; but in his heart he early formed a strong resolve to devote all the energies of his manhood to the liquidation of his father's debts, and never to rest till the "uttermost farthing" was paid.

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A length and not far distant from the time of the greatest exultation and rejoicing, a terrible change came "o'er the spirit of the dream" of speculators—or rather there was a sudden and sad awakening of thousands from a fairy dream of exhaustless wealth, to find themselves beggars. Among those utterly and irretrievably ruined was William Mason, a man much respected and beloved in W—. He was a man of moral worth, great kindness of heart, a gentleman and a scholar. He unfortunately possessed a sanguine and adventurous spirit, and was thus led to stake his moderate fortune on one fatal die, and lost all.

Unusual sympathy was felt for him in his misfortune for his own sake, and the sales of his interesting wife and family of children. Mrs. Mason, though a great beauty and belle at the time of her marriage, had proved a perfect wife and mother, and a most energetic and admirable housekeeper; but she was now a wasted and feeble invalid, in a slow decline, it was feared.

Old Mr. Jones is rather prostrated by rent, but I hope he will wait until we hear again from him. Fondly, your sister, JULIA."

George sighed deeply as he perused this letter. He had that very morning expended his last shilling in the purchase of a winter coat. Oh! how he hated the look of it now! His next quarter's salary was due, to be paid in a few days. That was all he had.

He had been a good boy, but, though he had been a good boy, he was not a good boy. He had been a good boy, but, though he had been a good boy, he was not a good boy.

"What say you to this charge, young man?" said the magistrate, roughly.

"I took up the ten dollar note; God knows that was all!" replied George.

While the examination was going on, Caroline Harton was returning from school; and, seeing a crowd collected at the court house, inquired of a young lad the cause of the unusual excitement.

"Why," he replied, "didn't you know they taken George Mason up for stealing money from your father? They'll send him to the State's Prison, I guess."

Caroline tried to hear no more; but, rushing into the court house, and bravely struggling her way through the crowd of men and boys, reached her father, and, throwing her arms around him, cried, "Oh! George! you have mercy on George! I am sure he is no thief! Save him, for my sake, I guess."

"Silence!" said Mr. Harton, in a low, hissing tone, "peculiar to him when furiously angry. 'James, take home your sister!'

I don't know that you will be able to read all this letter—it is so blotted with tears. JULIA."

When George received the above letter, it was evening; the mail for L—, went out early in the morning, and the money must be sent then, if at all. Obtaining a brief leave of absence from his clerk, he took his way to the jeweller's shop in the neighborhood, where he offered for sale a watch, given him by his father at L—, a small town, ten miles from W—.

Angels might have frowned on the arrogance of a petty human judge, "dressed in a little brief authority," on the horrid injustice of the decision, by which at the instance of a man "who fared sumptuously every day" on wealth accumulated by extortions from the poor, this noble boy, this good, affectionate child was sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the county jail!

On Saturday night, Mrs. Mason and Julia kept the supper waiting a long time for the expected son and brother, and D